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Rose Carmen's Easter.

(By Belle V. Chisholm, in 'The Herald and Presbyter.')

'Oh, mother, it is bewilderingly beautiful, a veritable dream of loveliness, and so becoming to me they all say,' exclaimed Rose Carmen, her fresh, sweet face protesting against the need of embellishments to add to its own youthful beauty.

'I do not doubt it, Rose, dear,' said her mother gently, 'but ten dollars seems like a good deal of money to put into such a small bit of ribbons and flowers.'

'But it fits my head, mother mine,' laughed Rose, 'and the tiny bit of brains inside,' she added, tapping her pretty, golden head significantly.

'Well, you must decide that matter for yourself,' Mrs. Carmen replied, indulgently, as Rose tripped lightly out of the room, her cheery face in keeping with the sunshine fountain inside.

It was the Saturday week before Easter, and Rose had just returned from the round of the millinery stores, her little head, as she said, turned with the vision of the marvels of beauty that their windows contained. So long as she could remember, she had never failed to blossom out in a new outfit at Easter. Already her new Easter suit was well under way, at her dressmaker's, and the ten-dollar bill that still nestled in her pocketbook was begging hard to be exchanged for that 'dream' of a hat to which she had taken such a fancy. Her parents were by no means wealthy, but they were in very comfortable circumstances, able to provide liberally for their daughter's comforts, though it was seldom that they indulged either her or themselves in useless luxuries.

Mr. Carmen was a wise father; and wishing to teach his daughter economy as well as business, he began, at a very early age, to give her a certain allowance, out of which she was to clothe herself and pay all her own sundry little bills, including her donations to the church and charitable objects. As usual, the Easter suit had been bought from her own little bank account, leaving only the ten dollars and a solitary half dollar for the hat and her contributions.

Rose was neither vain nor extravagant, but she did like pretty things, and to her artistic eye nothing had ever seemed quite so beautiful as that bit of feminine perfection in the shape of a hat, down in Madame Unstol's window. Still, her conscience was not just exactly at rest on the subject, and later in the evening she expressed her opinion to her mother by saying, 'Ten dollars does seem a good deal for a young girl with a limited allowance to pay for a bonnet, but it is for Easter, you know, and nothing is too good or beautiful to wear in honor of the resurrection of our precious Christ.' Her eyes glowed while she spoke, for she had learned to love the Saviour, and was trying to honor him by a Christly living.

'All nature is bursting into new life and beauty to greet the Easter dawn, and I feel that I can not wear anything half lovely enough to welcome the risen Christ when he comes to his own in the glad resurrection service. Don't you agree with me, mother, dearest?'

'Yes; if that is the way he wishes you to honor him with the gifts bestowed upon you,' returned Mrs. Carmen.

Rose longed to ask her if she doubted this; but fearing that her answer might not be in accordance with her own desire, she contented herself with her expressed wish, and went to her room to dream over the delight in store for her when her desire should become a reality.

There was a strange minister in their pulpit the next day. He had just returned from a visit to the home missionary stations in the North West, and tears rolled down the cheeks of many of his listeners as he repeated the pathetic stories of the privations of the heroic laborers in the famine-stricken parts of the far North West. One in particular came home with peculiar force to the Sunday-school of Easterville, since it related to the particular missionary whom the school had undertaken to help support, and the promised amount had not been paid in full.

The missionary himself had been a classmate of Dr. H——in his college days, and had married a lady of superior education and refinement. And a lady he found her still, presiding over the cabin in the woods with all the grace and sweetness that had charmed visitors in her father's luxurious home a score of years before. The little cabin to which he had been so warmly welcomed, a few days previous, contained but one fair-sized room, which served in the triple capacity of living-room, dining-room and sleeping apartment for the family of six. A ladder in one corner led to the pastor's study in the garret, and a little lean-to shed answered for the kitchen, where what little food they possessed was prepared.

The meal to which he sat down that evening consisted of corn-bread and sorghum molasses: and though the coffee had been prepared with the most skilful hands, it was impossible to neutralize the unmistakable scent of rye that pervaded it. The pastor's salary was two full quarters behind, and the grocers and merchants had refused to

trust him longer, because he had failed to make the payments promised. This was a phase of the bad results of non-payment that troubled the missionary greatly, hindering his work and influence by begetting distrust in his business methods and promises.

The children's clothing was scant and thin and their shoes badly worn—so badly indeed as to hazard their health if they stepped outside of the cabin. But in the midst of all these privations and trials and sufferings, from other people's injustice, not a harsh word was spoken of those who were responsible for the discomforts, it may be the very lives, of the stricken family.

Remembering the solitary half dollar in her purse, intended for an Easter offering, Rose blushed to think of how its companion, the ten dollar bill, was to be spent. She understood now what her mother had meant when she said, 'Yes; if that is the way he wishes you to honor him with your possessions,' and she knew, too, that it had been self-love instead of Christ-love that had prompted her to think of honoring the Master by beautifying her body, while so many of his little ones were suffering for the very necessaries of life. Even before service closed she had decided that the bill and silver should exchange places, and a good night's sleep only confirmed the decision. She said nothing to any one on the subject, however, and when, after Monday's breakfast and work were out of the way, she came down stairs dressed for the street, and paused at the door of the living-room to say that she was going up to Miss Horn's, her mother sighed, thinking that the elder's appeal had been lost on her.

Fifteen minutes later she was back with a tiny package in her hand, and when her mother suggested that it was entirely too small to represent a modern hat, she exclaimed 'Mother, do you think that I could put ten dollars into a hat after hearing what I did about our sufferers yesterday? Here is a little flower to replace the faded one on my winter hat,' she added, producing a bunch of violets. 'It cost thirty-five cents, and is so natural as to be almost fragrant.'

'The ten dollars shall be my Easter offering, and, oh, mother, how I wish I had not spent the balance of the twenty-five for my new dress,' Rose lamented, thinking of the unfinished Easter gown that had so recently been a delight. 'How much comfort that fifteen dollars would have purchased for that poor, sick girl.'

'And I am glad that my beauty-loving daughter has grace to enable her to delight in giving her best to that One who gave his best for her,' said Mrs. Carmen, gently.

'If you can do all that, I think some of the rest of us can sacrifice a little to send new gladness into the weary hearts waiting and watching in that far away home, where plenty has long since ceased to exist,' said Mrs. Carmen, gently. 'We must do something.' And what they did, that happy family in bleak Dakota knew some weeks later.

Rose's enthusiasm was contagious, and the ten dollars, so delightedly given as an Easter offering, acted as a magnet in attracting the gifts which swelled the contributions to such an extent that at least one home missionary received the 'hire' for the labor so faithfully performed, and so long expected.

Teacher, make good use of your opportunities to impress religious truths upon your scholars. Your influence as a teacher over their minds and hearts gives you a wonderful lever in shaping their characters for future usefulness and happiness.

Dwarfs in the Kamruen District, West Africa.

(By Oscar Roberts, of the American Presbyterian Mission.)

Most of these people are smaller than their Bakoko and Mabeya neighbors, but not all, as the dwarf women are sometimes married into these tribes. They deserve the name dwarf more from the similarity of their habits to the true dwarfs further inland.

They live a wandering, Indian-like life, hunting. They have nets one hundred and twenty feet long and three or four feet high, a number of which they stretch through the bush, and the men, women and children drive the game into these nets. They are experts in trapping, too. They do not stay in one place long enough to plant, so they trade their game to their agricultural neighbors for vegetable food. These Mabeya head men have a certain kind of ownership over them, sometimes furnishing them with powder and guns and nets and a very little cloth for their game during the time they are in that community. When not successful in the hunt they must depend upon the wild plants, nuts, honey, which they know so well how to find. They often have a feast, and more often a famine.

Their sheds are from fifteen to fifty feet long, the leaf roof touching the ground on one side and being about four feet and a half high on the other side. Where there are large trees the roofs are made of the bark of a tree four or five feet in diameter, which often does not have time to crack and leak before the dwarfs want to move. Under these sheds are the pole beds, supported by forked sticks four or five inches from the ground. There is a space left for a fire between every two beds. If they have any boxes or small tin trunks, they keep them hid in the bush; there is nothing to be seen unless they have a pot, or bowl, or basket, a net or gun or a native ax; and no one man is rich enough to possess all these. They can move all their possessions on fifteen minutes' notice; may be living here to-day and twenty miles away to-morrow. Three moves do not equal one fire with them.

For amusement a man goes through a violent form of exercise, trying to move as many of the muscles of his body at one time as possible, the spectators clapping their hands and calling, beating on sticks and their drums during the performance.

They seem to believe in one Supreme Being who is good and kind, but of course have no definite knowledge of him. They fear the spirits of the departed, and are said to move at once from a place where one of their number has died. They fear and try to appease many evil spirits, one of which takes a dreadful form for his punishment. Among the Mabeyas near here I know of but one blind man; yet it is the rule to find one blind man in a community of from fifteen to fifty dwarfs, and sometimes as many as three blind ones, made blind some night by the agent of this evil spirit as a punishment for some offense.

Miss MacClean, a lady of Glasgow, has given the funds for the work for these people. It is the purpose to establish a station about ninety miles from the beach, doing regular station work with the Mabeya-speaking people there, and at the same time doing everything possible for the speedy evangelization of these wandering people. But the workers are needed, men with good constitutions and a real love for itinerating bush travel. If a man has a love for plants and insects and birds, so much the better. These people might be able to show him a medical property of some of the plants they know that would be helpful to all. The power to shoot a parrot out of a high tree with a Winchester ought not to be lightly overlooked in a country where everything is eaten from a snake to a monkey.

How the dear Lord will reveal himself to the man who will recognize the indwelling presence of his Spirit by letting him be the strength for the bush travel and exposure in evangelizing these people. He seems to have added a peculiar joy to such work from the very fact that their need is so great and not so easily reached. Where are his servants who will give the price for that joy?—'Independent.'

James Davies.

There are misers and gluttons in the intellectual world as well as in the material—persons that gorge themselves with intellectual stores, and lay out little or none of them for the benefit of their fellows. These persons are one step higher, in point of nobility, than the literal glutton and the literal miser; but essentially they belong to the same class. It is a mode of life that ought to be shunned. If we only begin soon, we shall be sure to find that much though men differ in their capacities and their opportunities of being useful to others, there is no man, truly in earnest, who may not accomplish very great results in this direction. Take as an instance the case of a Welsh schoolmaster but little known to general fame. For fifteen years James Davies pursued the occupation of a weaver, and for another fifteen that of a pedler and merchant. Moved by the love of Christ and the desire of doing good, he then entered on the occupation of a schoolmaster. After a few years in a comfortable situation he removed to a wild and neglected place to which his attention had often been drawn in his walks as a pedler, the Devauden, where he enjoyed an irregularly paid income of from £15 to £20, and besides performing most successfully the duties of teacher, made himself a great use in the district in a variety of ways. He visited the poor, and supplied them, when destitute, with blankets and linen; gave to every farm servant a copy of the bible; spent £15 on one occasion on an edition of Pike's 'Persuasives to Early Piety,' and distributed two hundred copies of his 'Parental Care;' shared his bed and home with a poor laborer who had no other shelter; repaired a dilapidated church in one place and fitted up a schoolroom for worship in another, and at the age of eighty, when the place he had done so much for had become civilized and comfortable, went out to a fresh wild field of labor, where death cut him down after two years of exertion. If you ask how it was possible for him to accomplish so much good, the answer is that he was thoroughly devoted to his work, and that to supply himself with the requisite means, besides his profession as a teacher he reclaimed some waste land, cultivated a garden with great industry, reared pigs and poultry at his cottage, and carried on a small trade as a dealer in flour. His life is certainly one of the most remarkable instance I have ever met with, of what good may be done by making the most of everything.—Rev. Garden Blaikie, D.D.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN NUMBERS.

April 15, Sun.—Hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?

April 16, Mon.—All that the Lord speaketh, that I must do.

April 17, Tues.—There shall come a star out of Jacob.

April 18, Wed.—A sceptre shall rise out of Israel.

April 19, Thurs.—Behold I give unto him my covenant of peace.

April 20, Fri.—They have wholly followed the Lord.

April 21, Sat.—I the Lord dwell among the children of Israel.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

By this time Craig was standing before her, his face deadly pale. When she came to the end of her words, he said, in a voice low, sweet, and thrilling with emotion—

'Ah, if you only knew! Do not make me forget myself. You do not guess what you are doing.'

'What am I doing? What is there to know, but that you tell me easily to go?' She was struggling with the tears she was too proud to let him see.

He put his hands resolutely behind him, looking at her as if studying her face for the first time. Under his searching look she dropped her eyes, and the warm color came slowly up into her neck and face; then, as if with a sudden resolve, she lifted her eyes to his, and looked back at him unflinchingly.

He started, surprised, drew slowly near, put his hands upon her shoulders, surprise giving place to wild joy. She never moved her eyes; they drew him towards her. He took her face between his hands, smiled into her eyes, kissed her lips. She did not move; he stood back from her, threw up his head, and laughed aloud. She came to him, put her head upon his breast, and lifting up her face said, 'Kiss me.' He put his arms about her, bent down and kissed her lips again, and then reverently her brow. Then putting her back from him, but still holding both her hands, he cried—

'No! you shall not go. I shall never let you go.'

She gave a little sigh of content, and, smiling up at him, said—

'I can go now'; but even as she spoke the flush died from her face, and she shuddered.

'Never!' he almost shouted; 'nothing shall take you away. We shall work here together.'

'Ah, if we could, if we only could,' she sad piteously.

'Why not?' he demanded fiercely.

'You will send me away. You will say it is right for me to go,' she replied sadly.

'Do we not love each other?' was his impatient answer.

'Ah! yes, love,' she said; 'but love is not all.'

'No!' cried Craig; 'but love is the best.'

'Yes!' she said sadly; 'love is the best, and it is for love's sake we will do the best.'

'There is no better work than here. Surely this is best,' and he pictured his plans before her. She listened eagerly.

'Oh! if it should be right,' she cried, 'I will do what you say. You are good, you are wise, you shall tell me.'

She could not have recalled him better. He stood silent some moments, then burst out passionately—

'Why then has love come to us? We did not seek it. Surely love is of God. Does God mock us?'

He threw himself into his chair, pouring out his words of passionate protestation. She listened, smiling, then came to him and, touching his hair as a mother might her child's, said—

'Oh, I am very happy! I was afraid you would not care, and I could not bear to go that way.'

'You shall not go,' he cried aloud, as if in pain. 'Nothing can make that right.'

But she only said, 'You shall tell me to-morrow. You cannot see to-night, but you will see, and you will tell me.'

He stood up and, holding both her hands, looked long into her eyes, then turned abruptly away and went out.

She stood where he left her for some moments, her face radiant, and her hands pressed upon her heart. Then she came toward my room. She found me busy with my painting, but as I looked up and met her eyes she flushed slightly, and said—

'I quite forgot you.'

'So it appeared to me.'

'You heard?'

'And saw,' I replied boldly. 'It would have been rude to interrupt, you see.'

'Oh, I am so glad and thankful.'

'Yes; it was rather considerate of me.'

'Oh, I don't mean that,' the flush deepening; 'I am glad you know.'

'I have known some time.'

'How could you? I only knew to-day myself.'

'I have eyes.' She flushed again.

'Do you mean that people——' she began anxiously.

'No; I am not "people." I have eyes, and my eyes have been opened.'

'Opened?'

'Yes, by love.'

Then I told her openly how, weeks ago, I struggled with my heart and mastered it, for I saw it was vain to love her, because she loved a better man who loved her in return. She looked at me shyly and said—

'I am sorry.'

'Don't worry,' I said cheerfully. 'I didn't break my heart, you know; I stopped it in time.'

'Oh!' she said, slightly disappointed; then her lips began to twitch, and she went off into a fit of hysterical laughter.

'Forgive me,' she said humbly; 'but you speak as if it had been a fever.'

'Fever is nothing to it,' I said solemnly. 'It was a near thing.' At which she went off again. I was glad to see her laugh. It gave me time to recover my equilibrium, and it relieved her intense emotional strain. So I rattled on some nonsense about Craig and myself till I saw she was giving no heed, but thinking her own thoughts: and what these were it was not hard to guess.

Suddenly she broke in upon my talk—

'He will tell me that I must go from him.'

'I hope he is no such fool,' I said emphatically and somewhat rudely, I fear; for I confess I was impatient with the very possibility of separation for these two, to whom love meant so much. Some people take this sort of thing easily and some not so easily; but love for a woman like this comes once only to a man, and then he carries it with him through the length of his life, and warms his heart with it in death. And when a man smiles or sneers at such love as this, I pity him, and say no word, for my speech would be in an unknown tongue. So my heart was sore as I sat looking up at this woman who stood before me, overflowing with joy of her new love, and dully conscious of the coming pain. But I soon found it was vain to urge my opinion that she should remain and share the work and life of the man she loved. She only answered—

'You will help him all you can, for it will hurt him to have me go.'

The quiver in her voice took out all the anger from my heart, and before I knew I had pledged myself to do all I could to help him.

But when I came upon him that night, sitting in the light of his fire, I saw he must be let alone. Some battles we fight side by side, with comrades cheering us and being cheered to victory; but there are fights where lives are lost and won. So I could only lay my hand upon his shoulder without a word. He looked up quickly, read my face, and said, with a groan—

'I could not help it. But why groan?'

'She will think it right to go,' he said despairingly.

'Then you must think for her; you must bring some common-sense to bear upon the question.'

'You know.'

'I cannot see clearly yet,' he said; 'the light will come.'

For an hour I talked, eloquently, even vehemently urging the reason and right of my opinion. She would be doing no more than every woman does, no more than she did before; her mother-in-law had a comfortable home, all that wealth could procure, good servants, and friends; the estates could be managed without her personal supervision; after a few years' work here they would go east for little Marjorie's education; why should two lives be broken?—and so I went on.

He listened carefully, even eagerly.

'You make a good case,' he said, with a slight smile. 'I will take time. Perhaps you are right, The light will come. Surely it will come. But,' and here he sprang up and stretched his arms to full length above his head, 'I am not sorry, whatever comes I am not sorry. It is great to have her love, but greater to love her as I do. Thank God! nothing can take that away. I am willing, glad to suffer for the joy of loving her.'

Next morning, before I was awake, he was gone, leaving a note for me:—

'My dear Connor,—I am due at the Landing. When I see you again I think my way will be clear. Now all is dark. At times I am a coward, and often, as you sometimes kindly inform me, an ass; but I hope I may never become a mule.

I am willing to be led, or want to be, at any rate. I must do the best—not second best—for her, for me. The best only is God's will. What else would you have? Be good to her these days, dear old fellow.

Yours,

CRAIG.'

How often those words have braced me he will never know, but I am a better man for them: 'The best only is God's will. What else would you have?' I resolved I would rage and fret no more, and that I would worry Mrs. Mavor with no more argument or expostulation, but, as my friend had asked, 'Be good to her.'

(To be Continued.)

The Most Helpful Books.

A young man just commencing business for himself, writing to the editor of the 'New York Tribune' for guidance in his position of employer, and also to ask if he knew of any books that would help him, received the following reply: 'The very best single treatise is the New Testament, and next to this is the book of Proverbs.' The best business man we ever knew memorized the entire book of Proverbs at twenty-two, and when he became an employer himself, gave a copy of the book to every employee, with a friendly inscription commending it as an admirable business guide. 'S. S. Times.'

Child Life in Mexico.

Come with me on a journey to the warm sunny southland of Mexico. As we walk along the streets, and in the parks of the cities, you will see some children beautifully dressed, carrying elegant French dolls, riding expensive bicycles, or playing with other costly toys. But see how many more of the children are in rags, their feet bare, faces and hands dirty, hair unkempt, and so hungry that they will run to pick up any piece of bread or bit of fruit that is thrown into the street. It is with these children of the poor I wish to make you acquainted to-day.

Let us visit them in their homes. 'Be careful where you step, for there is much mud and dirt! What smells! They almost make one sick. Look into that doorway. You see a small yard where pigs, chickens, cats, dogs, and babies are rolling in the filth. Each of the rooms you see opening into the yard is the home of a separate family. The floors are of beaten earth, and nearly always damp. There is little or no furniture. A straw mat serves as bed, and a roll of old rags for pillow; and at night all the clothes worn during the day. Their pet animals sleep in the same room with the rest, and the doors are closed tight. The wonder is that they do not all die of suffocation before morning.

At mealtime they squat on the ground around the little charcoal fire, and eat out of the two or three dishes in which the food has been cooked.

On the straw mat, among some rags, is lying the baby, only a few months old. How dirty! It looks as though its face had not been washed for days. Perhaps it never had a bath. Its clothes are just pieces of old cloth or calico—a little shirt, a calico waist, and perhaps an old apron wrapped about its legs; no pretty long flannel skirt to keep baby warm, not even a piece of blanket for covering, poor little thing!

In some houses I have seen the baby swinging in what is called a hammock. This consists of a frame made of four boards fastened together at the corners, to the bottom of which is loosely nailed a piece of strong cloth, which is allowed to sag slightly in the middle. Short ropes are tied to the four corners, meeting about two feet above the centre, where they are all fastened to a long rope, which is attached to the rafters overhead. Often the smallest child in the family is seen swinging this box-like cradle.

In the streets the women generally carry their babies strapped tight to the back in the folds of their long rebozo; the little head and legs bob up and down, till I have often wondered that they did not come off. Sometimes baby is tied with equal tightness to the mother's breast, thus leaving the hands free for other work.

Even quite small children have to work. One day I saw a woman carrying a big basket on her back. It must have been heavy, as she had to grasp it with both hands, and so could not lead her child, a little girl only two years old who trudged by her side, also carrying a bundle on her little back. 'Mamma, mamma, I am tired; it is so heavy,' she was saying. 'Yes; but hurry, and we will soon be there,' replied the mother; and on they went.

Children of seven or eight have to take care of their younger brothers and sisters. Even those not more than five or six will be seen carrying babies so heavy that they can barely stagger along under the burden.

The girls in the home have to grind the corn for tortillas (corn-cakes), carry water, and help in other ways. The boys also have their tasks, which, however, they shirk as often as possible, which they seem to like better than anything else.

In many parts of the country there are no schools, and the children grow up without learning how to read and write; but they soon learn how to lie and steal, and to consider it more honorable to beg than to work, to be lazy and dirty, and to drink pulque, which makes them drunk and stupid. As a rule, they are not very obedient to their parents—or to anyone else, for that matter. They often quarrel among themselves, and seem to be always trying to do all the harm or mischief they can to others. But there are some among these children of the poor who are kind, patient, happy, loving little 'helpers,' just such as we find in other lands.

What do they play? Boys have marbles and tops, and the 'cup and ball' similar to that played by the little Eskimos, only the Mexican way seems simpler. The ball is attached by a string, and the boys try to throw it so as to catch it on either the point or cup end of the stick. Mimic bull-fighting is a great amusement. One boy acts as

MEXICAN CHILDREN.

'bull,' the others wave red handkerchiefs or blankets before the bull, to anger him; then he darts one way or another to catch his tormentors. On the ranches, lassoing is a great sport. Little boys of four begin by catching the cat or dog with a rope that has a long open slip-knot. Tabby starts to run, but the boy throws the rope, and pussy is fast by the leg or neck. Chickens, goats, calves, and colts afford the boys plenty of opportunities for practice, so that it is no wonder Mexicans become so skilful with the lariat. The girls play house and doll, as do little girls the world over.

If this article were not already too long, I might say a good deal about the sports connected with different religious feasts. For example, on St. John's Day the little boys are all dressed like soldiers; on the Day of the Dead innumerable toys are on sale in the plazas, representing Death, evil spirits, skeletons, skulls, coffins, etc., and even the candies and cakes are made in the same hideous shapes. The Saturday following Good Friday, fireworks representing Judas are hung across the streets, and at ten o'clock are exploded, to the great delight of the children.—Wilma J. Brown, in 'Silver Link.'

Our Easter Butterfly.

(By Nelly S. White, in 'The Ocident.')

This is a true story. Early in January of last year my little friend Olive came home from a visit to San Jose. As she came in I noticed that she deposited upon the table with great care a brown paper bag, saying as she did so, 'There's something wonderful in that bag!' So excited was she that she could scarcely wait to remove her cloak and hat. Then she opened the bag and allowed me to peep in.

It was so seldom our quiet, demure Olive was excited over anything that I fully expected to see something very pretty. It was therefore a surprise to see only six little dry, hard, brown balls, no larger than bird's eggs. As I picked one up rather gingerly, she exclaimed, 'Oh do be careful, please; there's a live worm in it!'

Then I knew it was a cocoon, and became interested.

A friend had given them to Olive, telling her to lay them away, and in a few weeks they would work out of their shells and become butterflies. Some of them were attached to twigs, and we picked out the largest one and hung it in the folds of a curtain. The rest we laid away in an unused room and forgot them. Every day we looked at the queer brown cocoon hanging still and lifeless on the curtain. We even shook it occasionally and urged it to go to work and dig out, but it gave no answer.

One day, when we had become a little disgusted because Sir Worm was so content with his gloomy quarters, I gave the ball an extra hard shake, when—Oh wonder! From within came an answering thump, as if it were trying to say, 'If you stupid people will let me alone, I can manage my own affairs; the same Hand that taught me to spin my hard brown house will teach me also how to open the door.' What respect we had then for the little creature! How carefully we watched the twig lest it should break! How gently we shook him to see if he would answer! And he always did; sometimes with a thump as if he were kicking the walls, and sometimes as if he felt tired. Often he worked so vigorously that it would make his brown house wobble about in a funny manner.

Then we thought of the five cocoons left on the table upstairs, and went up to shake them also; but not one responded. Plainly, they were all dead! So we devoted our attention to big 'Jumbo,' as we named him. How he did work! His thump, thump on the shell sounded like the heart-throbs of a frightened child; but not the tiniest opening appeared. Some days he seemed to be asleep, and then neither Olive nor I could induce him to speak to us.

One day, during the Lenten season, Olive seemed to be thinking earnestly; then she turned to me with her brown eyes full of eager excitement, saying: 'Wouldn't it be wonderful and lovely if he should come out Easter morning? I wonder if he will? You know,' she added, after a pause, 'it would be like Jesus coming out of the tomb.'

I looked thoughtfully at the queer brown cocoon hanging there, and, as if the little life within guessed my thoughts, it gave a quick, glad throb; and I wished, Oh, so earnestly, that the miracle of life springing from death might be ours to witness on the Easter morning.

The days sped by, and lengthened into weeks. Nature put on her green garments, and the birds twittered gently to each other that the resurrection morn was near. Came holy week, and that sad, sad day called

'Good Friday,' the day on which Jesus hung on the cruel cross; then Saturday, on which he lay quietly in the grave.

All this time our friend remained shut fast in his shell, and though he worked without ceasing, there was no sign of the walls breaking. And when, at last, the Easter day dawned, and we ran expectantly to see if the miracle had been wrought, we were doomed to disappointment. For there on the white curtain hung the cocoon, hard and brown and motionless. He must have shared our feelings, for not a sign would he give of life.

What made us suddenly think of the cocoons upstairs? Olive and I rushed up together into the room. There they lay, all of them, just as we had left them. But what is this? One of them broken and empty! We looked hurriedly around the room, and there, above our heads, hung a beautiful butterfly! It was a soft, pale brown color with rings of gold on its wings. Its body was covered with down and its feelers were extended, as if groping in the dark. Trembling, exultant, flushed with new-found life, it hung there motionless, scarcely daring to move lest it might find itself back in its dark prison!

Carefuly I placed my hand under it, and it settled down quietly upon it. Then we carried it down stairs and placed it on a velvet cushion, where it clung, still motionless. We brought some violets and a rose, and laid them beside it; then we covered it with a large glass case and carried it to God's house. There amid the fragrance of the lilies, with the grand organ pealing and the anthems of praise to the risen Christ filling the air, the butterfly told its eloquent story of resurrection: 'It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.' 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.'

But, as if all the strength of the little life had been poured out to enrich that one day, our butterfly pined and dooped, and in a few days its little life went out. But it had nobly fulfilled a mission, that of helping us to have more faith to believe that we, too, shall one day rise from the darkness and loneliness of the grave, into the eternal beauty of an unfading Easter morning.

What God Wants.

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His Holy Face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love and purity.
God wants the girls.

God wants us all, young maidens fair,
And matrons crowned with silvery hair,
Each doth He call—
Winners of souls, He wants us all,
Bright, eagle-eyed, undaunted youth,
Brave manhood in the strength of truth,
The high and low,
The young and old,
For Him to sow,
By Faith made bold.
God wants us all!

—'The Young Crusader.'

His Heart's Desire.

(A story for ambitious young people.)

('Silver Link.')

All his life Bernard had heard mention of a musical career, and everything had been made subservient to that end, so that his ambition had grown to be his life's guiding star; for he had a wonderful gift of music, which he believed would some day enable him to produce a composition that would thrill the whole world.

At eighteen he had outstripped his tutors and made preparation to go abroad to study under the great German masters. Then it pleased God to show him the littleness of human power. Bernard was stricken down with typhoid fever, and for many weeks he lay helpless in a darkened room, talking incessantly in his delirium of his beloved music.

It was a very weary time for his mother, and for a while it seemed that death was very near, but youth and strength, combined with all that human skill could do, triumphed over disease, and he passed the crisis safely. At last the day came when he could sit up in bed propped up by pillows, and talk of his great ambition and his long-delayed plans. He watched his mother

'DOCTOR,' HE SAID, 'YOU MUST DO SOMETHING FOR ME.'

move about the room quietly until the silence wearied him.

'Why don't you speak up?' he asked impatiently. 'Why are you always whispering?'

His mother turned and looked at him with unspoken terror in her eyes, and raised her voice to answer gently, 'We are afraid to disturb you, Bernard; you are so weak, you know.'

'There you are again I can't hear that, he answered with a nervous laugh. 'I'm getting tired of this eternal silence. Come, sit beside me and talk, mother.'

She obeyed, and began to talk very loudly; but he caught only occasional words, and grew impatient again.

'The fever always dulls your hearing at first,' his mother explained in a dry, hard voice. 'When you are stronger that will come all right.'

'Oh, it's myself, is it?' he said in surprise. He put his hand to his head and lapsed into silence. Presently he turned to his mother and said, 'How long will this last, mother?'

'A week, perhaps; no longer. It will wear away gradually.'

But it did not wear away, instead, it grew upon him, but he waited patiently till the week was past then he became alarmed and insisted on seeing the doctor himself.

'Look here, doctor,' he said anxiously. 'This deafness hangs on too long. What's wrong with me? I can't spend any more time in idleness. You must do something for me.'

He did not hear the doctor's answer, but the look in his mother's eyes frightened him.

'What are you saying?' he asked in a choking voice. 'Tell me the truth. I'm not a child. Mother, what does he say?

But there was no need to answer him, for he read his doom in the doctor's kind, troubled face. 'You don't mean that I will be deaf?' he began incredulously. 'It couldn't be true. I won't believe it. You must do something; or, if you cannot, someone else must. Why, doctor, think what that would mean to me with my career—never to hear my music again! Why, I could not live without it!'

'There is nothing to do but wait,' the doctor said, and shook his head sadly; and the terrible truth struck Bernard's heart with the bitterness of death.

'Oh, mother, mother,' he cried helplessly; 'if I had only died instead of this!'

She ran to him and kneeled down beside him and he threw himself face down among the pillows and sobbed bitterly.

'Don't, Bernard, my darling boy; it will pass,' she said, forgetting that he could not hear. 'It must pass. God would not let this terrible thing blight your life. Be patient a little longer, and all will be right.

In her heart was no hope. She believed the boy's future to be irretrievably ruined, all the work of his youth lost, and his hopes burned to ashes; yet for his sake she bore up bravely.

There was nothing to do but try to divert the poor lad's mind from his misfortune, and to this end the doctor advised continual change of scene. So mother and son set out upon a long journey, visiting the many places of interest on the Continent; but all Mrs. Renfrew's loving care could not brighten her son's settled melancholy; everything reminded him afresh of his blighted hopes. At Berlin word reached them of a famous doctor, and Bernard lost no time in seeking him out. He gave but little hope, but Bernard implored him to take the case in hand immediately.

'I don't want to kill you outright,' he said gruffly. 'You are in no condition to undergo the lightest treatment, let alone a critical operation. Go to some quiet place, and rest absolutely for three months—no worry, no excitement, mind. At the end of that time come to me; and if your physical condition warrants it, I'll take your case in hand. That is all I can promise you.'

Out of this uncertainty Bernard built up a great hope on which he lived in feverish expectation from day to day. He took long, long walks about the dim old forest alone, always thinking of his lost gift, of his great future, forgetting everything but himself and his own hopes. But one day he took shelter from a sudden mountain storm in a little hut in the heart of the Odenwald. It was very dark within; an old woman sat spinning beside the one window, and seated before a table covered with sprigs of flowers and plants was a lad, of perhaps sixteen, who turned and looked at him fixedly. The old woman rose and offered him her chair with gentle dignity and a word of welcome.

'I cannot hear what you say,' Bernard explained in German. 'I am deaf.'

She looked pityingly at him, and spoke to the boy, who looked up also. He had a pale, gentle face, too thin and white for perfect health, yet wholesome and good to look at. He fingered the flowers lovingly between thumb and forefinger, and laid them one by one in orderly little heaps. Presently he wrote something on a strip of paper, and offered it timidly to Bernard.

'I am blind,' it ran in German; 'therefore I cannot see you. Are you a stranger here?'

'Yes,' Bernard answered briefly. 'I am getting ready to undergo an operation for my hearing. I'm a musician, and the operation will decide my whole future. Have you been long blind?'

'About two years,' he wrote painstakingly.

'Was it an accident?' Bernard asked.

'No. They say I studied too hard. I read a great deal, for we are poor and cannot afford a teacher. I wished to be a naturalist.'

'A naturalist!' Bernard exclaimed. 'What a pity! Of course you have given it up?'

Otho shook his head, smiling patiently.

'But how can you succeed without sight?'

'I believe it will please God to restore my sight some time; how or when I do not know; I must wait his time in patience.'

Bernard sat a while in thoughtful silence. Could it be possible that Otho's ambition was as dear to him as his own? If so, how could he bear his great affliction with such heroic fortitude? He contrasted his own favored lot with that of the peasant boy, his wealth and advantages with poverty and obscurity; and the wonder deepened.

That night Bernard wrote a letter to his father which contained no mention of his own trouble; instead it was the story of the blind peasant lad, and a singular request which met with prompt and favorable reply.

Meanwhile Bernard went daily to the little hut in the Odenwald, and read to Otho from books treating of his work; and, as his interest in another life grew and broadened, he grew stronger day by day; and when his father arrived, he found a semblance of the old happy Bernard.

Then came the fateful day of the operation. The famous doctor was prevailed upon to make a great concession and go to his patient. When he arrived at the inn he found beside Bernard a tall, slender lad with grey, unseeing eyes that shifted their gaze uneasily from face to face.

'This is Otho Van Hagen,' Mr. Renfrew said. 'Will you look at his eyes, doctor?'

The doctor drew the lad silently to the light, and looked long and narrowly into the wide, clear grey eyes. When he had finished, he nodded cheerfully to Mr. Renfrew, and said, 'There is some hope of a cure.'

'And you will cure him?' Bernard put in breathlessly.

'I will undertake the case and do my utmost; more I cannot say.'

So there were two operations instead of one, and for the convenience of the doctors Otho stayed at the castle inn under the care of Mrs. Renfrew, while his mother went silently to and fro between the sick-rooms, doing whatever her hands found to do.

Those were long, anxious days for both mothers. Bernard, who was weaker than Otho, was kept in the quietest part of the inn, in a darkened room, with bandages about his head, lest sound or vibration should injure the sensitive tissues that were laid bare by the surgeon. The strain of waiting for the final test was almost unbearable to both Bernard and his parents; neither of them spoke their fears or hopes, but the possibility of failure weighed heavily upon them.

Bernard could not distinguish between sound and pain, for the strange ache went on ceaselessly; to all his questions he received one answer, 'Wait, wait!' So he waited.

One night, when everyone had left his room, Bernard loosened the bandages a trifle to cool his fevered head. It seemed a long, long while since he had gone into that room, and he was very tired and hopeless. He drew the bandages down a little more; and, leaning back on his pillow, fell into a light slumber. Presently he heard a voice close beside him as if in a dream—a trembling voice broken with joyful, grateful tears.

'Dear father,' it said, 'all my heart is laid bare to thee and thou knowest the gratitude which my poor tongue cannot speak. O thou who hast given my boy sight, I pray thee give this dear lad his hearing also. It looks impossible to us, but thou canst do it. Lord, would I not gladly do anything for this? I am old, and my life is but a poor thing; but I would willingly give it for the gift if thou wouldst have it. Be not angry, dear father, for my much asking; but give him his heart's desire, for thy Son's sake.'

Bernard opened his eyes, and saw Otho's mother kneeling at his bedside, her grey old head bowed on her folded, toil-worn hands. The blessed truth rushed upon him like a dazzling rift of sunlight striking through a dungeon's vaults; he covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears of irrepressible joy. When he looked up again the kind old face was bending over him anxiously.

'O Anna, it is true! I can hear at last!' he cried, tremulously. 'Anna, if you knew how happy I am! I couldn't tell you if I tried all my life long. Tell my mother quickly; and, Anna, wait; will you say that little prayer again? Only tell God how grateful I am, for I don't know how to say it myself.'

One Thing He Couldn't Manage.

There is an incident recounted of Napoleon in Elba, commemorated by an inscription affixed to the walls of the house of one of the peasants.

A certain Giaconi was ploughing when the famous prisoner came along, and Napoleon, in his character of one interested in everything, took the ploughing out of the man's hands and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the share, and spoiled the furrow.

The inscription ran as follows:

napoleon the great
Passing by this place in MDCCCXIV.
took in the neighboring field a ploughshare
from the hands of a peasant
and himself tried to plough but
the oxen rebellious to those hands
which yet had guided Europe
headlong
fled from the burrow.

—'Christian Endeavor World.'

The irreverent conduct of many grown persons in the house of God is shocking to a person who has been trained in a different way. It is sacrilegious, and opens the way for an utter disregard of sacred things. The Sunday-school should be careful not to encourage irreverence. If the children are taught reverence for holy places and holy services in the Sunday-school they will show it when they become men and women in their conduct in the house of God. Irreverence is the ground out of which grows all manner of disobedience and unteachableness. To all workers in the Sunday-school we would say, maintain order, teach reverence. —'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

A Vacation Opportunity.

They were sitting at their first Sunday morning breakfast in camp—thirteen young people and four older ones. The long, narrow table reached from the front door to the back door of the roomy cottage, through the reception-room, the wide hall, and into the kitchen.

'It's hot!' exclaimed Saunders, tipping back his chair and fanning himself with his napkin. 'Pretty good day to just stay around and be quiet, isn't it?'

'I think so,' responded Dollie Finch, promptly. 'It's too warm to go to church, and we don't know where there is one, anyway.'

'Oh, yes, there's a little white Methodist Church at Dawson,' remarked Will Bromleigh. 'It stands on the road near the post office, about thirty yards from a big cottonwood tree. It is only about a mile and a half from here. Let's go.'

'All right,' answered several.

'Now, there's a short cut through the woods that I discovered yesterday,' suggested Ed Saunders, as twelve of them started off.

'Oh, there is, is there?' piped Dollie Finch, who had likewise changed her mind and decided to go. 'And why didn't you tell us when we were talking about it at the breakfast table, you lazybones? You didn't want to go.'

It was not at all a tiresome or unpleasant walk, and they reached the little white church feeling cool and comfortable. They made quite a commotion, so many city folks all together. It was hot inside the stuffy, poorly ventilated chapel, and the flies were very numerous, buzzing around the warm, red face of the preacher as he talked. He was a poorly-paid minister, who preached at Dawson on Sunday morning and at another town in the afternoon. His horse was hitched in the waggon-shed, and he had driven five miles through the dust that morning. The poor, tired little old organ wheezed and squeaked, and Dollie, who played the pipe-organ at home, found it difficult to keep her face sober. One baby, who had fallen asleep stretched out on two chairs, rolled off, and cried for some minutes before its mother carried it out, and its wails could be heard growing fainter and fainter as the mother carried it toward home. Ed Saunders sat next a window, and he watched them until they disappeared around a bend in the road. The minister sang in a loud, strained voice, trying to lead, but when he heard the volume of fresh, new voices he fell back into his natural tones, sometimes not singing for a few lines, listening in a pleased way.

After the service he stepped down quickly and shook the hands of the strangers cordially. The congregation lingered, full of interest, and a number ventured to speak to the visitors.

'Will you be here next Sunday?' asked the minister, as he rasped Will Bromleigh's hand.

'I think so,' answered Will.

'Will you take the service?' he asked eagerly, recognizing him as the leader. Will Bromleigh hesitated. He was accustomed to leading the meetings of the young people at home, but this was different. 'It does us so much good to have new faces and new messages,' urged the minister.

'We will take it and do our best,' answered Will.

As they walked home through the wood path they commented on the service. 'Think of living all the year 'round in such a lit-

tle backwoods place,' exclaimed Miss Devlin, who was a school teacher.

'And the music!' added Dollie.

'And the flies and the heat,' said Nina Talbot, mopping her warm face.

'I should think,' remarked Ed Saunders, jokingly, 'that they'd be more comfortable if they held their meeting outside on the steps.'

'I was just thinking of that,' said Will Bromleigh, who had not spoken before. 'I promised that minister we would take the service next Sunday, and I think it would be a good thing to hold it out of doors. The church faces west and 'twill be shady on the steps in the morning.'

They were earnest young people and ready for service in spite of any thoughtless criticisms they might have made, and the next Sunday morning found them again on their way to the little church.

The people were very willing to hold their service outdoors; the idea had never occurred to them. The chairs and books and organ were quickly carried out, and the minister took a place in the audience with a pleased look of anticipation on his usually tired face. The people seated themselves on the steps and in the chairs grouped around on the grass, and the service began. Dollie Finch played the organ, and it was astonishing how much she brought out of it. Allan Farren stood by the organ and played his silver-toned cornet. It had taken some urging to persuade Allan to do this, but Will Bromleigh, as usual, carried the day. The rest sat near the organ and carried the singing. Some of the farmers and their wives sang more heartily than they had sung for years, and the children's voices were surprisingly fresh and sweet.

Will spoke earnestly and to the point for about fifteen minutes, and then one after another of the young people of the camp rose and added his or her testimony, Will having spoken to them about it previously.

At the beginning of the meeting, when they began to sing, a number of loafers from the village saloon sauntered up and dropped down under the cotton wood tree to listen. When Will talked, one or two of them crept up closer that they might hear what he was saying.

The unusual service closed a little before twelve o'clock, and the members of the congregation flocked around the visitors, no longer strangers.

'Oh, it was good!'

'We enjoyed it so much.'

'Won't you come again?'

'You have helped us all.'

'We are more than glad to be able to help you in any way, and a few of us expect to stay over until after next Sunday,' Will said, in answer to their queries.

'You will take the service again, won't you?' urged the minister. And Will promised.

As they walked home in single-file, bending their heads under the low branches of the trees, they talked enthusiastically of the morning, and their hearts were warm because of their helpfulness.—Grace Willis, in 'Epworth Herald.'

Whom Jack's Father Voted For.

(By John F. Cowan, in 'Union Signal.')

There was to be an election the next day on the saloon question. For a long time there had been no liquor sold openly in the town, and it was the hope of many of the good people living there that they would always be able to keep it free from the curse of an open saloon. They wanted to bring up their children without having the example of drunken men reeling down their streets before their eyes.

But some men who were so greedy for money that they were willing to come and rob the women and children of the town of it by taking the wages of the husbands and fathers for that which would make them fools and brutes, were trying to get a vote which would permit them to set up a saloon in Rushton.

They had sent their agents around to talk with the voters, telling them how much revenue the town would derive from the saloons, how much business the whiskey traffic would bring in, and how much more wide-awake and up-to-date it would be with a saloon; and the arguments of reduced taxes, and of sidewalks, street-lamps and other improvements which they would be able to make out of the revenue from the saloons, was beginning to tell on some of the men, among them, Jack's father.

'Pshaw!' he said carelessly, as he flung down his dinner-bucket on returning home that evening, 'it's a pity that a town like this should be run by a lot of women and preachers! I say, let the men run it, and let the men have the liberty to drink or not drink as they please, and let's have the revenue from the saloons that the other towns have, and be somebody.'

'Does that mean that you're going to vote for license to-morrow?' asked his wife.

'It means that I'm going to do as I please. I'm a man, and I'm not going to be domineered over by a lot of things in petticoats,' he exclaimed, ill-naturedly.

Mrs. Camden belonged to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which was one of the most active agents in making the fight against the admission of the saloon.

Next morning when the polls were open and the voting began, the brave women of the town met in the church and submitted the matter to God, resolved to do everything they could in their homes and at the polls to influence their husbands and brothers to vote aright.

All day long they kept their prayer-meeting going, and received their reports from the polling places. Toward the middle of the afternoon, some of them began to lose faith and become discouraged. The reports were that the election was going against them; that when the working men came out of the shops at half-past five, as they were to be permitted to do to vote, the majority would vote for license and thus settle the question.

The women were in despair until at last Miss Fenton, the superintendent of the Loyal Temperance Legion, said, 'I have a scheme that I am going to try. Will you all help me?'

They gladly consented, and she quickly handed around among them a number of squares of cardboard to be lettered like the one she held in her hand:

'VOTE FOR ME.'

When they were done and strings attached to them, it was time for school to close, and the Legion was to meet in the church immediately after.

When the boys and girls came in, they saw something unusual in their leader's eye. Her face was tear-stained, but her look was bright and hopeful. She quickly explained the situation to them and asked for volunteers to wear about their necks to the polling places the placards which the other ladies had prepared.

There was a moment of hesitation. The children were timid about doing such a thing, but in an instant Jack Camden spoke up and said, 'I'll wear one, Miss Fenton, and I'll go right down to the place where papa votes.'

Gladly she tied the placard around his neck, and, the example having been set, the other children followed like sheep.

When Jack Camden's father came from the workshop that evening to the voting place, he was fully persuaded 'to be a man,' as he said, and 'protect his liberty,' and vote for the licensing of the liquor traffic. He did not mean to drink himself. He intended to be a sober man, but he wanted other men to have a chance to do as they pleased.

The first thing that struck his eye as he walked up toward the ballot distributers was a line of boys, marching down toward him, each one wearing around his neck a placard. Presently the line stopped and presented front face. Mr. Camden looked, and there was his own boy, a manly little fellow, in the lead.

'What's that you have on?' he said.

'Read, it, please, papa,' answered Jack.

And the man read:

'VOTE FOR ME.'

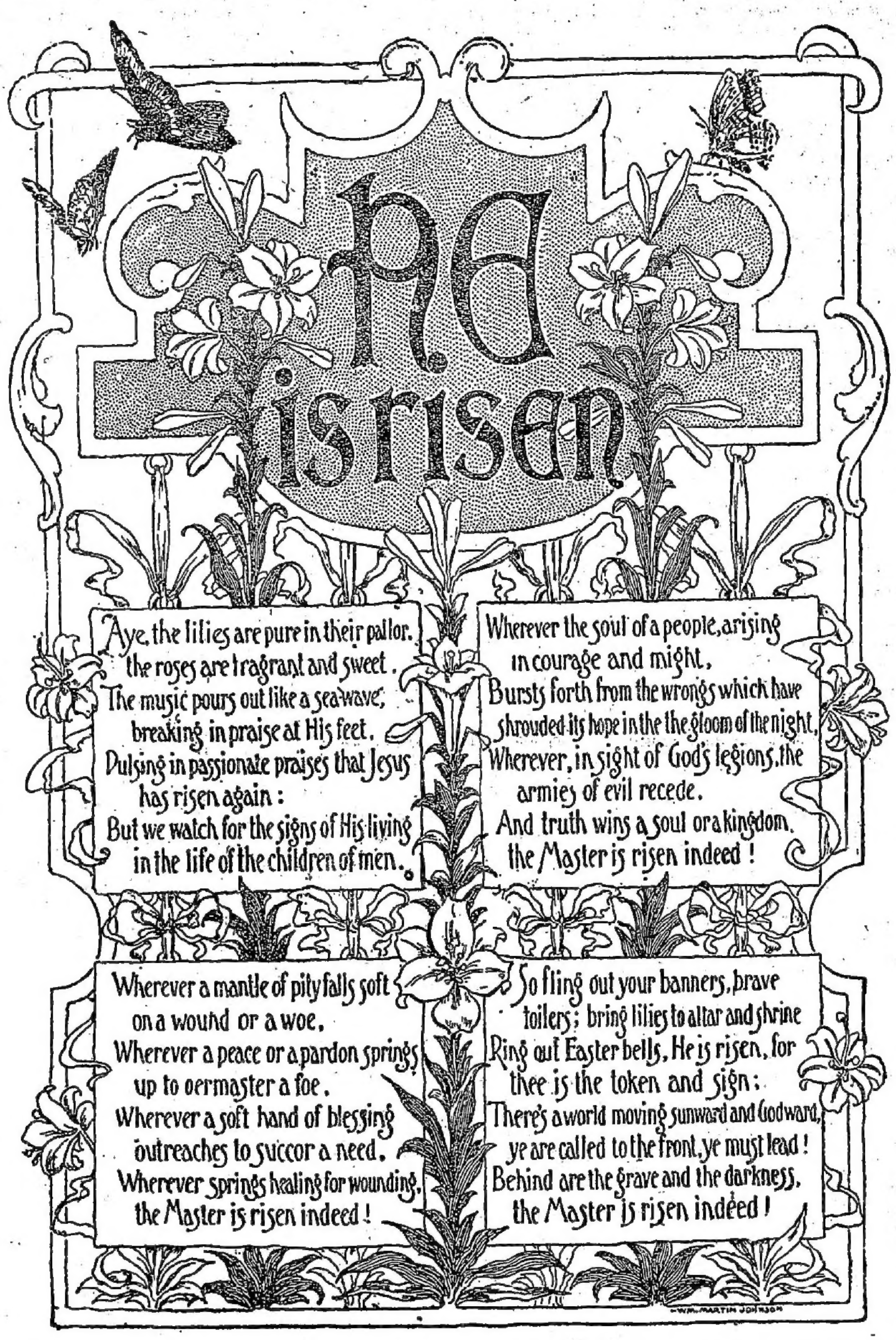
In an instant a picture seemed to rise before him of his dear little boy grown to manhood. He saw him walking down the street, with a proud, manly step. He saw him passing one of the places which he was about to vote to license. Other young men gathered around him and enticed him to go within. It was late at night when he came out again. His clothing was disordered, his collar was burst open in front, his hat was missing, his hair was dishevelled, his face was flushed and his step so unsteady that he had to be supported upon either side by his comrades. 'They're going to take him home to his mother,' he thought to himself, 'in that beastly condition. It will send a death-bolt to her heart.' He covered his face with his hands to shut out the picture. He opened his eyes and looked again. His boy stood there in all his boyish beauty, pleading with him to do as the placard asked.

'Yes, Jack,' he said, dashing a tear from his eye, 'that's just what I'm going to do. They may argue and coax all they please, I'm going to vote for you, and that's what every man in the crowd who is a man and a father will do, too.'

And the placard turned the day, and Rushton was saved from the saloon, because the fathers who voted, voted for their boys, realizing, perhaps, for the first time in their lives, their whole duty to them.

Persevere.

There was no feature more remarkable in the character of Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror—commonly known by the name of Tamerlane—than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all round him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. 'I once,' he said, 'was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I was compelled to sit alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson.'


He is risen
Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor,
the roses are fragrant and sweet.
The music pours out like a sea-wave,
breaking in praise at His feet.
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus
has risen again:
But we watch for the signs of His living
in the life of the children of men.
Wherever the soul of a people, arising
in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the wrongs which have
shrouded its hope in the the gloom of the night,
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the
armies of evil recede.
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom,
the Master is risen indeed!
Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft
on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs
up to oermaster a foe,
Wherever a soft hand of blessing
outreaches to succor a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding,
the Master is risen indeed!
So fling out your banners, brave
toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine
Ring out Easter bells, He is risen, for
thee is the token and sign:
There's a world moving sunward and Godward,
ye are called to the front, ye must lead!
Behind are the grave and the darkness,
the Master is risen indeed!
WM. MARTIN JOHNSON

Harry's Easter.

(By Marianne Farningham.)

There was a shade on Harry's face although the holidays were beginning, and the other boys were as boisterous as usual. The leader, generally, in all fun and frolic, he cared nothing for the devices adopted by the boys to make the hours go faster.

A paper race? No, some one must be found to take his place. Nor could he be prevailed upon to do his duty in the Junior football team belonging to the school; he was tired and sad, and did not want to play. Some of the boys were vexed, and wished to punish him for what they called his laziness, and things might have been made disagreeable but for his chum John Holgate. John said angrily 'Stop that! You let Harry alone, or I'll make you. Don't you know his little brother died a few weeks ago? He knows his home won't be what

it used to be without little Ned: that's the matter with Harry, though it isn't likely he wants to be talking about it all day long.'

Boys have plenty of good feeling when it is appealed to, and the boys took no further notice of Harry's mood, but let him be as quiet as he wished until the day when they all went home for their short holiday.

John had spoken truly. Harry dreaded the home-going, because little Ned was gone. The big brother had been very fond of the little one. He remembered how he looked when he shouted good-bye to him at the railway station, and how the little fellow struggled to 'be a man' as he was told, though he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes.

'It will not be like home without little Ned,' Harry said, and half wished the holidays had not come.

The house looked the same when he reached it. The leaves were beginning to show on the trees, and some of the flowers were blossoming in the garden. But there was no Ned waiting for him at the gate; and a lump rose in Harry's throat. His mother stood at the door looking sweet and sad in her black dress, and she took the boy in her arms and kissed him very tenderly, Harry clinging to her in a way that told her exactly how he felt.

'Tea is ready, dear boy,' she said. 'Run upstairs and have a wash, quickly.'

Harry did as he was told, and came down to his mother with a resolute look on his young face. 'Poor mother has had the hardest part to bear,' he said to himself; 'I must not make her unhappy on my account.'

She had many questions to ask him about his journey, and his school-masters, and he had much to tell of his lessons and examination; so nothing was said of Ned, until after tea. Then his mother took him into the drawing-room, and they settled themselves for a talk.

'I know you miss dear little Ned,' she said, 'but I am glad it is the Easter time because that will make you think of the resurrection. Ned has been taken to the house of our Father in heaven, where we shall see him again some day, and be all happy together.'

'But the resurrection does not seem at all real to me, mother, and the loss of Ned does.'

'Yes, dear, I know; but I want you to think that it is a beautiful thing to have a little brother in heaven. Do you remember what was the last hymn we sang together before you went away to school?'

'Yes, it was the hymn you said you and father sang when your were children, "Around the throne of God in heaven thousands of children stand." Of course, Ned has gone to be with them.'

'Yes, Ned is one of that "holy, happy band," for though we laid his body in the grave, Ned himself—his real self—his spirit, has gone to be with Jesus.'

'He will like that, I am sure, for he loved Jesus.'

'Yes, he did. And Harry, dear, I want you to remember this always, and when you are a man the memory of your little brother will be pleasant to you, as well as all the time that you are a boy. You must be as good as ever you can be, you know, now that you have a brother in heaven.'

Harry was thoughtful for a few minutes, then he said, 'Mother I should like to see where Ned is buried.'

'Yes, dear, on Saturday we will both go to the cemetery and put some flowers on his grave. But you must not think of Ned as being there although his little body lies in the grave asleep.'

Ned went into the garden after tea alone. He felt very quiet, and he wanted to puzzle things out a little for himself. He knew the story of the Saviour's death, and rising into life again, and he wanted to connect his brother with him. He saw how dead many of the plants in the garden still looked, but he knew they were really alive, and would be covered with flowers in a few weeks' time; and though he could not understand he tried to trust.

There was a place in the garden where shrubs grew thickly, and where he and Ned had often hidden in play. Harry went there now; and he did the very best thing a boy could do. He told Jesus all about his trouble. 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I can't help missing Ned,' he said, 'but if you will take care of him, and make him happy I won't mind very much. I will try to be all I ought to be, and to do the right things. Lord, help me. I want to be straight, and true, and all right, so that I may see Ned again. And if I live to be a man I will be thy servant before everything. Do help me to be, and let me never forget my promise.'

Harry's mother saw a look on the boy's face that she had never seen before when he came in; and that Easter will never be forgotten by either of them. Harry was so good and thoughtful, he so resolutely put away his own trouble, and comforted her, that she felt sure he had received the blessing of peace which only the risen Christ can give.

Harry arranged the flowers on his brother's grave; but he begged a few for a poor boy who was ill and lame, for he thought Ned would rather the flowers were in his hands. He was on the look-out for chances to be kind, and he soon found some. On Easter Sunday tears came into his mother's eyes, when she heard his strong young voice sing out, 'Christ the Lord is risen to-day,' and even his father's lips trembled a little, for he hoped that his boy Harry would be a Christian.

'Have you thought anything about an Easter offering, Harry?' he asked him.

And Harry replied, 'Yes, father, I have offered myself.'—London 'S.S. Times.'

Who's Afraid in the Dark?

'Not I,' said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye,
And fluffed his jowl.
'To who!'
Said the dog, 'I bark out loud
in the dark,
Boo-oo!

Said the cat, 'Mi-miew!
I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid, mi-miew!'
'Afraid,' said the mouse,
'Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter.
Squeak!'

Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word around.
And the bird in the tree,
The fish and the bee,
They declared all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy
Who had gone to bed,
Just raised the bedclothes
And covered his head.

—'The Commonwealth.'

LESSON IV.—APRIL 22.

The Centurion's Servant Healed.

Luke vii., 1-10. Memory verses 9, 10. Read Matt. ix., 27-34: Mark II., 23, to III., 19: John v.

Daily Readings.

M. Pitiful. Mt. 8: 1-13.
T. Gracious. Lk. 4: 16-37.
W. Faithful. Jn. 15: 1-25.
T. Hopeful. Lk. 8: 4-15.
F. Honorable. Jn. 5: 1-29.
S. Patient. Ro. 10: 1-21.

Golden Text.

'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'—Ps. ciii., 13.

Lesson Text.

Now when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum. (2.) And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die. (3.) And when he heard of Jesus, he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant. (4.) And when they came to Jesus, they besought him instantly, Saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this: (5.) For he loveth our nation, and has built us a synagogue. (6.) Then Jesus went with them. And when he was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to him, saying unto him, Lord, trouble not thyself: for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof: (7.) Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed. (8.) For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. (9.) When Jesus heard these things, he marvelled at him, and turned him about, and said unto the people that followed him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. (10.) And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.

Lesson Hymn.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again.—Whittier.

Suggestions.

The wonderful faith of a Gentile, as compared with the unbelief of the majority of the Jews concerning the power and authority of Jesus, is the theme of our lesson to-day.

It was just after the sermon to the multitudes on the mountain that Jesus and his disciples entered the city of Capernaum on the North West shore of the Sea of Galilee. As soon as it was told around that the great Prophet and miracle worker was in the city, a Roman officer whose servant was at the point of death sent to ask Jesus to come and heal the sick man. The centurion was one of those captains of small companies of fifty to a hundred soldiers stationed all over Palestine to enforce Roman rule. This man, though thus placed in a position where he would naturaly incur the displeasure and scorn of the Jews, seems instead to have won their respect and love. Evidently he saw the superiority of the Jewish morals and religion in contrasting it with that in which he had been brought up. His soul cried out for the living God, and his efforts went out in service to the God whom the Jews worshipped through the mazes of formality and tradition which hid his real glory from their sight. (Matt. ix., 13). The centurion had made friends among the most influential of the Jewish people, and had with his own means built a beautiful synagogue for them in Capernaum.

When this man heard of the coming of Jesus to his city, he made up his mind to ask him to save the life of the servant who was very dear to him. Thinking that he, being a Gentile, would not have as much influence with this great Saviour, he sent the message by his friends the elders of the Jews. They pled his cause with great earnestness and our Lord at once started with them toward the house of the centurion. Word reached the house that the Lord was coming, immediately the centurion overcome with gratitude and humility sent another message to Jesus saying that he felt himself unworthy to even approach the Saviour, but that if the Lord would but speak the word he knew that his servant should be healed.

Recognising the authority of Jesus, the centurion compares his position with his own, as though saying, I who am an inferior officer can still exact from my subordinates implict obedience, surely thou who hast in thyself all authority can send a messenger of healing to my servant without troubling thyself to come farther. The man had such implicit faith that Jesus was filled with wonder and gladness, and in answer to the prayer of faith the sick servant was healed that very hour (Jas. v., 15.)

He came unto his own, and his own received him not (John I., 11). Over and over was this truth illustrated in the life of Jesus Christ. When he performed the most wonderful miracles of love and mercy, the Pharisees in jealous rage accused him of being in league with the devil (Matt. ix., 34). Over and over they accused him of breaking the law and plotted to take his life, even his kinsmen said that he was beside himself (Mark. iii., 21.) When he claimed to be the Son of God they accused him of blasphemy, and their worst accusations would have been true if he had been only the 'good Teacher' which so many men of to-day make themselves believe that he was. If Jesus Christ was not the living and only Son of God the Jews were right in rejecting him, for no mere man could be the Saviour and King of the world. But Jesus Christ was and is to-day the living loving Son of God, who by his death and resurrection has made it possible for us who believe to become also children of God and joint-heirs of the Kingdom. (Rom. viii., 11-17.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

RELIGION A FEAST.

Mon., April 16. The true feast. Ex. 12: 6.

Tues., April 17. God provides. Ps. 146: 7.

Wed., April 18. The poorest are to be welcome. Luke 14: 13.

Thu., April 19. The guests are satisfied. Ps. 34: 8.

Fri., April 20. It gladdens our hearts. Acts 14: 17.

Sat., April 21. The heavenly feast. 1 Cor. 2: 9.

Sun., April 22. Topic—How is religion like a feast? Matt. 22: 1-10.

C. E. Topic.

April. 22.—Serving God joyously. Matt. 22: 1-14.

If it is our fixed purpose to make the children understand, we will devise some way by which to accomplish our object. A few years before his death Charles Spurgeon and his wife crossed the Alps. Mrs. Spurgeon burned her face badly. She requested her husband to go to a drug store and get her some elder-flower water. He went, and found a Frenchman in charge. He looked over his various jars and bottles, but discovered no elder-flower water. Then he tried to talk French, and that was a sad failure. It was not French or anything else. He left the place, wandered up a small brook, and came upon an elder-flower tree. He picked a handful of flowers and returned to the drug store. He held up his flowers, was at once understood, and received what he wanted. It is the high purpose of every Sunday-school teacher to bring the truth of God into the minds and hearts of the children. In order to do it, ways by which to simplify the truth must be sought out. Like Spurgeon, we may be obliged to wander around for some time in searching for something that will convey our meaning. An illustration from the nursery, from the playground, from the school-room, from the store, from the birds, the fields, the woods, the clouds—in other words, from the surroundings of the pupil's life—must be sought for. And in this we are only following the wise example of the Saviour himself.—Rev. E. J. Blekkink.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER X.—EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL UPON THE BRAIN AND NERVES.

1. Q.—Does alcohol injure the brain and nerves?

A.—Any use of alcohol injures the brain and nerves, but the excessive use of alcohol absolutely ruins them.

2. Q.—Why first felt in the brain?

A.—Because the blood circulates in little blood-vessels all over and through the brain, and the brain being so delicate is easily injured.

3. Q.—How does alcohol injure the brain and nerves?

A.—It changes the soft substance of the brain until it is almost as different from a healthy brain as a rotten apple is from a sound one. It also makes the texture of the nerves flabby and weak.

4. Q.—How does alcohol affect the nerves of the tongue?

A.—It destroys their feeling, the tongue is not easily controlled and the speech becomes indistinct.

5. Q.—Does alcohol starve the brain?

A.—Yes; the healthy brain needs and uses a great deal of good blood, and when it does not get enough it is like a man who has little to eat, it grows poor, weak, and unhealthy.

6. Q.—In what other way does alcohol injure the brain and nerves?

A.—By weakening and almost destroying the control of the brain over the muscles, so that the man loses power over his limbs and goes shuffling staggering about like a drunken person.

7. Q.—Does anything feel right about the man?

A.—No; because the nerves are poisoned and benumbed.

8. Q.—What causes apoplexy?

A.—Apolexy is caused by the tiny vessels of the brain becoming clogged, with blood that is loaded with carbonic acid, and deprived of life-giving oxygen.

(To be Continued.)

How Tom Ellis Changed His Place.

Tom Ellis, a bright lad of thirteen, had been errand boy at Battson's, the grocer's, for twelve months, and felt himself quite equal to all the duties of the situation. But, one day, he had an accident. Whilst pushing his truck rapidly along, he suddenly caught it in the curb and his heavy basketful was emptied in the road.

For two seconds, Tom looked very troubled, and then he and a friend, who happened to come up, began to see how much damage had been done.

'My!' said Tom. 'Three bottles of champagne broken, won't I get into a row!'

However, there was no help for it, and Tom who never allowed disasters to overwhelm him, proceeded to pack up his goods again. Then he went to a house near and borrowed a broom from a maid whom he knew, in order that he might sweep the broken glass into the gutter. Before he had finished he heard a bicycle-bell and a lady cyclist came riding by.

'Now then, Miss, mind your tyres,' shouted Tom cheerfully, 'there's a lot of broken glass about.'

'Is there?' said the lady, and dismounted hastily. She was proud of the fact that she had never had a puncture, and did not mean to get one then if she could help it.

'Why, boys,' she said, as she saw the broken bottles and smelt the wine, 'what have you been doing?'

'Running too fast, I guess,' answered Tom, looking up with a broad smile.

'And come to grief in consequence,' said pretty Miss Montague, smiling too. 'Well, that's a pity, isn't it, but,' she added, as she rode away, 'I should not be sorry if all the wine bottles in the world were smashed. I wish you did not sell such stuff.'

Tom left off sweeping and looked after her.

'Guess she's one of those people who be-

lieve in the Band of Hope business,' he said slowly. 'However, that ain't in our line, so here goes to tell old Battson. Goodbye, Harry, guess I'll get it hot.' Tom departed with a manful determination to make the best of things.

There was a 'row,' as Tom called it, but it was soon over and he went on his way again as usual, except for one thing. This was that very often he fancied he heard a clear ringing voice say, 'I wish you did not sell such stuff.'

Nearly every time he carried a basket of bottles to a house he seemed to hear it and he began to hate that part of his work, even although he said to himself:

'Nonsense, I don't sell it; it isn't my business what harm it does.'

Tom was too sharp and sensitive a boy not to know that wine and beer did harm. He took it to one house where the servant always received it with a cross and sour face, and one day she told him that her mistress was drinking herself mad. At another, the servant was the customer. How eagerly she asked for it, and what a heavy, stupid thing she looked at times! Tom was not surprised when he found that she had left.

But that was not all. Mr. Battson had a very pretty daughter, Maud. All the young men in the shop admired her, and Tom was always glad when she asked him to do anything for her. One day he heard a conversation between two of the assistants.

'Yes, she does look bad, and no wonder, he's drinking like a fish just now.'

He knew the 'she' referred to Maud who had just passed through the shop, and, by-and-bye, he guessed that the one who was distressing her was Mr. Healy, the chemist's assistant, to whom she was engaged. Battson's shop was opposite a public-house, and Tom remembered that he had often seen Mr. Healy going in there lately.

About a month after he had broken the bottles, Tom gave notice. He felt he could not stand it any longer, for he was a straight-forward, honest boy who listened when he went to Sunday-school, and tried to to act up to what he heard. One day, a lesson about clean hands made him feel sure that his were not clean so long as he helped people to use a thing that made them bad and other people miserable. So he gave notice and for two weeks after that he had an anxious time of it—he could not find another situation anywhere.

However, one day when he was feeling very down, he happened to meet Miss Montague. She knew him again and stopped to ask if he were still interested in bottles. He told her all about it, and after hearing the story, Miss Montague did her best to find him work. Very soon Tom was once more the happy possessor of a basket and a truck, working in a shop, not 'licensed for the sale of wines and spirits.'—'Temperance Record.'

True to Her Teachings.

'Won't you take some brandy?' said a doctor, pressing through a crowd which had gathered around a lady who had slipped on the greasy pavement at a public-house door, and was seated in the wooden chair the publican had sent out. 'No thank you, I am a teetotaller and it shall never enter my lips.' The speaker was an early member of a Band of Hope in 1850, and had been faithful to her pledge and an earnest worker among children up to October, 1899. The doctor urged: 'did she know her life was in danger?' Her reply was; 'Brandy and alcoholic drinks are a curse to the land; look even around at the crowd of ragged children and see what drink does, and if I died it would be without brandy, for I would not touch it.' A tradesman from the back came through saying, 'you deserve to die if you won't take it.' Her reply was, 'I shall not, God will not use that which is such a curse, to save life.' A bath-chair was procured and the lady was taken home, and writing since to her old Band of Hope superintendent said: 'I cannot come to the anniversary, but I hope in a short time to get about again; and I cannot help laughing since I came home, when I think I was sitting in a publican's chair giving a teetotal address to the crowd around.'—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Eamers Corners, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence. I am fourteen years of age. We live on a farm, and pa keeps ten cows and four horses, and I like to go out driving in the summer evenings. I have three sisters and two brothers, but I am the eldest. I have been sick for a week, but I am able to go to school now. I am in the fourth book. Our teacher is very kind to us, and I like to go to school. I have a pet cat, I call her Snowdrop because she is very white. ETHEL F. A.

Digby, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I went around and got two new subscribers for the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm. I am going to school the first of May. I will have two miles to walk. I have a pet lamb and a colt. The colt, when she wants a drink, comes to the house and takes her nose and lifts the latch and comes in the house. I have one brother at home. He is older than I am. He took the 'Messenger' for a long time. He is taking a larger paper now, so he transferred the 'Messenger' to me. I like it very much. I have a grandmother eighty-five years old. I go to see her every day.

HARRY O. T.

Bearbrook, Ont., March 23, 1900.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of one hundred acres. We keep twenty-three cows and five horses. One of them is a little colt, and we call him Jack. I have gone to school steady since the twelfth of March. I have four brothers and one sister. My papa has started to take the 'Messenger' and we all like it, it is such a good temperance paper, and the Sunday-school lessons are always in it. I go to the Methodist church.

Love to the 'Messenger.'

M. B. (aged 12.)

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much indeed. I have three brothers. My youngest brother's name is Spurgeon. We have two churches and a schoolhouse. I go to school whenever the weather permits. I live between two lakes, and about a quarter of a mile from the station. We have two trains a day. It is a very pleasant place in summer, but rather cold in winter. I am taking music lessons. I am very fond of music.

JENNIE O. G. (aged 11.)

Gladstone, Man.

Dear Editor,—Gladstone is a small town. We live about six miles from there. I have four pets, two cats and two dogs. I wonder if any one has the same birthday as I have, it is on the first of May. I like the Correspondence very well. I don't know who sends us the 'Messenger.' The prairie is very pretty in summer. I have only been out here a year, and I like the country very well. J. MAY.

Low Banks, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I tried to get subscribers for the 'Messenger' but could not. I go to school. I have two miles to go to school. I have two little sisters whose names are Roxey and Jessie. We have a dog whose name is Grant. I am going to tell about the snowstorm we had the first of March. It was very wild in this country. Papa had to shovel a path to the road and barn. We could not get out for a week and a half. My day school teacher's name is Miss Camby. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Burget. I have a pair of skates on which I skate. Has any one the same birthday as mine? Mine is on the 21st of July. BLANCHE E.

Hampshire Mills, March 18, 1900.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have two sisters and no brother. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I go to school every day. I am in the part II. class. I have a pair of pigeons, and they tell us when it is coming spring. I have a pair of guinea fowl. I have a nice teacher at Sunday-school, he is very kind. We have a very kind preacher. E. L. (aged 7.)

Stillwater.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' one year and this is the second one. I have a cow named Jessy, and a yearling named Pansy, a cat named Tabby, and a canary named Dick, which is very tame. We always kept him in the cage until one day I let him out, and he has been out ever since, and one day he got out of doors, but he did not get very far before I caught him. I made a quilt which has three thousand four hundred pieces in it. Kate McD. is my friend. She lives one mile from here. Would Nellie F. please write again and tell about the country she lives in. BESSIE M. C.

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Dunlop. We get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school every Sunday. I have two brothers and one sister. We have four pets, a cat, a dog, banty chickens, and four minnows. My papa is a baker.

EDNA P. (aged 10.)

Kingman, A. T.

Dear Editor,—I have received the 'Messenger' all this year and I like it very much. My auntie in Sherbrooke subscribed for it for a year as a Xmas gift. My mama likes the story 'Black Rock' very well. I saw a little girl's name that was Maggie in the letter box, and her birthday was on the twenty-eighth of November, just the same as mine. I am not sure whether she was twelve or thirteen her last birthday or not, I was twelve. It is so warm here that we can go out both day and night without any wraps on. We have had no snow this winter. Hoping I will see my letter in print, I will close.

MARGARET A. M. (aged 12.)

Chicago, Ill., March 23, 1900.

Dear Editor,—I have just received my first copies of the 'Messenger,' and like them very much. I have also read several copies of the 'Witness,' and greatly enjoy the descriptions of scenes in the Anglo-Boer war. I am a Canadian, though living in the United States and sympathize with Great Britain. There are few, if any, that I know at school who do not stand up for the Boers, so that I have a nice time. Are any of your readers interested in geology or physical geography? If so, and if they would like to join the Correspondence circle of a club we have here for study of the subject, let them send their names and addresses, and a short paper on some subject of interest, to William McDiarmid, 6325 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In the summer, those members of the club who reside in the city go on trips into the country, along the lake shore to the quarries, the swamps, the artesian wells, or anywhere which may be of interest. We are greatly aided by a book issued by the Chicago Geographical Society, and which is extremely interesting. I have a friend who writes about new ideas for boys, the same as Dan Beard, in the 'Ladies Home Journal.' His schemes are fine, and are easily executed. I wish that some of the boys could read and try them.

WILLIAM McD.

South Granville, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—We have not much snow this winter. I have two dogs called Rover and Sporter, and a horse called Chief. I was swimming in the gulf of St. Lawrence last summer; the sand banks are very pretty, and lots of curious shaped stones and shells are there. DANIEL.

Sumner, Maine.

Dear Editor,—This is the third year that I have taken the 'Messenger.' My Aunt Lydia gave it to me the first year, and I enjoy reading it very much. We have three terms of school in a year. My Uncle Henry Carrys used to teach school. I have not any brothers or sisters. I have a grandpa eighty-five years old, and I work in his shop every day. We live by a pond, and when the lilies are in blossom, it is a beautiful sight. My papa keeps a boat to let. There are a great many people here to pick the lilies. MABEL A. T. (aged 10.)

Dear Editor,—Please tell Willow, of Minnedosa, to send me his full address, and I will tell him how we carry on our Mission Band. THEODORE NIX, Preston, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD.

Care of the Teeth.

The proper care and preservation of the teeth is a most important matter, both for the prevention of needless pain, and for the preservation and improvement of health. There are comparatively few persons who do not know from experience the pain of tooth-ache, and the genuine distress which is experienced through decaying teeth, and exposed, irritated nerves. It is beyond question that a bad condition of the teeth is prejudicial to the general health, as the teeth are used in the earliest stage of the process of digestion or food assimilation. If the food is not properly dealt with in the mouth, by both the incisors and grinders, it is not in the best condition for the stomach.

One of the books in the Epworth League Reading Course is 'The Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling,' and referring to the teeth in somewhat allegorical form, the author says:

'When the hands bring to the mouth any guests who desire to enter the house, the lips open to take them in, and, passing their folds, the guests are received by thirty-two attendants in a white uniform whose business it is to remove the wraps of visitors and make them fine enough to go on and visit the cook; for all who enter here are on their way to the kitchen. I said there were thirty-two attendants in white. There are not always thirty-two, and they are not always in white. Sometimes their uniforms have been sadly soiled and torn, and have been patched and the patching trimmed with gold—which does not add to its beauty, however.'

Referring to the care of the teeth, we find the following:

'I might suggest to you that these thirty-two servants, the teeth, need frequent bathing and scrubbing with a soft brush if you want them to keep in good health. When they are through with their work, they should have all dirt carefully removed, not only from the surface but from between them. They are such sturdy soldiers that they never break ranks, so you will have to clean them as they stand, solidly and closely together, and I would warn you to use them well, and not to crack nuts, or to pull needles or nails with them (I have known people to do that), for this may injure their constitutions so that they break down altogether, and then you will be in a sad plight, indeed.—'Christian Guardian.'

A Feminine Failing.

'Worry wears out more people than work does, and fretting causes more unhappiness in families than either sickness or poverty,' writes Mrs. Moses P. Handy in the 'Woman's Home Companion.' 'Indeed, the secret of happiness may almost be said to be making the best of everything, and good-humor under all circumstances the most useful virtue which man, and more especially woman, can possess. There are good women who to-day would peril life and limb for husband and children, yet who daily render their dear ones uncomfortable by going forth to meet trouble half way, and by grieving over that which is past and irremediable. If a thing can be helped by any effort of yours, go to work promptly and help it; if not, waste no time in vain repining.

When your husband has made a mistake in business and times are hard, do not wail over the mistake. Gather up the fragments and stand by to help him. If you can do nothing else you can at least pretend that you do not mind—can show him that you believe in him still, and prophesy that better times are coming. Nothing so chills a man's courage as the damp spray of a wife's tears.

Did you never try to run your sewing-machine without oil? Don't you know how the surface grind upon each other, and how hard the work is? Well, just as one hour of that scraping will injure the machinery more than a whole day's use would if properly oiled, just so one day's worry will dig more wrinkles in your face and sprinkle more gray in your hair than will months of patient, trusting labor. Worrying is an essentially feminine failing, and there are women who do it in spite of themselves. If you chance to be such a one, fret all to yourself in the privacy of your chamber, provided you have any privacy. But under any circumstances do not empty your basin of cold water—or worse, your bottle of tears—over the sitting-room fire.'

Selected Recipes.

Creamed Turnips.—Pare the turnips and cut in slices one-fourth of an inch in thickness, then cut the slices in strips like a match. Boil these in salted water half an hour. Drain them, place them in a dish, and cover with cream sauce, made by melting in a small frying-pan, one tablespoonful of butter, adding to it one tablespoonful of flour; stir until smooth, and then add one pint of milk; stir it constantly until it boils, then season it with one teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper, and pour it over the turnip.

White Mountain Rolls.—Four cups of flour, one cup of milk, quarter cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-third cake compressed yeast, half teaspoonful salt, white of one egg, beaten stiff; have the milk warm; add the butter (melted, warm, not hot), salt, sugar, yeast and flour; mix well; then the white of the egg, the last thoroughly mixed in with the hand. Let them rise over night; in the morning roll into shape, cut and fold over or make in any other form. Bake in a quick oven after they have stood an hour.

Chicken Pie.—Nellie Burns, in the 'Country Gentleman,' tells how she makes chicken pie: Parboil a fat young chicken—from six to eight months is the best age—until perfectly tender. I use baking powder and creamy sweet milk in making the dough for the crust and dumplings, as they are much superior to those made with sour milk and saleratus. Grease the sides of the pan in which the pie is to be baked, and line it with dough rolled to a quarter of an inch in thickness. On the bottom of the pan put a layer of chicken, then a layer of dumplings, followed by another layer of chicken. Over this sprinkle black pepper, and scatter some generous lumps of butter. If the chicken was salted enough when parboiled, no salt need be added to the pie, but, if not, some must be sprinkled in, as the pie loses much of its merits if it is too 'fresh.' The last thing before putting the pie in the oven, add the water in which the chicken was boiled, and cover the whole with a top crust so perforated as to allow the steam to escape. Bake in a moderately hot oven; but much care should be given that it is neither undercooked nor overcooked.

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